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For The Child's Paper.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

I AM very glad of pictures—are not you, my child?—because they show us the wonders of those parts of this great round earth which we are not likely to visit. Is not this a queer tree? Where does it grow? What is its name? It grows in Madagascar, which, you remember, is a large island near the eastern coast of Africa, in the Indian ocean. Botanists, the men who give names to trees, call it *Urania Speciosa*; but that is a

hard name. It is called also the Traveller's tree; and named so, because it is a comfort to people travelling in that dry, hot country. One tree bears at a time only from twenty to twenty-four leaves, and these grow from the upper part of the trunk. They are very large, you see. The stem is two yards or more long, and the broad, beautiful green leaf itself is two yards long also; so that leaf and stem are twice as tall as the tallest man you ever saw. The leaves are used as tablecloths, dishes, plates, and folded up a certain way, answer for

spoons and bowls. They make nice wrappers for packages, and roofs for huts. Of course the shade of these trees is pleasant and cool in a hot day; but this is not the reason why it is called the traveller's tree. It is on account of the water which is gotten from it. At the foot of every leaf-stem there is a hollow-place, a *little well*, which catches the rain that falls on the leaf, and keeps it—keeps it for the leaf when it becomes dry and thirsty, and gives it to any poor man in need of a drink. Only pierce the little well, and out will flow a quart of pure, sweet water, filling your mug. Is it not curious? And must we not say with good king David, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all?"

For The Child's Paper.

THE PICKET PLEDGE.

The boys in Johnny Goodall's school have taken a pledge. Johnny brought it for me to read. Here it is:

"We, the subscribers, hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and from the use of profane or obscene language."

This pledge keeps double watch over the mouth. It will not allow bad things to *come out* any more than to *go in*. I like its thoroughness.

The mouth is a gate easy to open, and Satan likes to send his servants in and out. We all know one is Intoxicating Drink, and the Pledge has been found a trusty friend to keep him out. To be sure, this picket must be supported by Principle, its superior officer; and I hope every boy has that.

Swearing and foul, dirty words are also servants of Satan. I am glad the boys have set the good Picket Pledge on guard against them too. Don't let them creep out and escape, for keeping them in and down *kills* them. Bad words can't live unless they have breath. They want air as much as other folks. They stifle without it. Well, let them stifle. That is just what the pledge means to do; and it is a grand work.

I honor the boys who made and signed this pledge. They saw and felt their danger, and were determined their mouths should not be made a highway for Bad Language. I like their pluck, beginning early in life; for Satan tries hard to fill up his ranks with the young, because, if they enlist in his service then, he is pretty sure of them for ever afterwards.

But some people say, "What's the use of a pledge? Can't you keep from swearing or using bad words without a pledge? Is not principle better?" To be sure. Principle is the thing. These boys have taken their stand on a great principle, and the pledge is the proof of it. They have always heard that "union is strength;" and they have banded together, the better to maintain their ground against one of the greatest sins of the times—profane swearing, wicked words. We all need the help and sympathy and countenance of each other. God has made us so. It helps us to feel strong.

It is a stand I wish all the boys in the land might take.

K.

For The Child's Paper.

A BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENT.

"Mother, I do wish I could have some beautiful ornament for my New-year's gift, a pin or ring. Wont you or father give me one?"

"Gladly would we give you what you desire, dear Anna, if we thought it a wise and judicious present for a little girl; but we do not, and have preferred to give you something more useful."

Anna looked disappointed, and was silent for a few moments, then said, "But Mary Scott is just my age, and her father has given her a beautiful pair of earrings."

"Her father can do as he thinks right, and we must do as *we* think right; and I hope my little girl will be satisfied and happy."

But Anna looked sullen, I am sorry to say, for she had not a happy temper. She said, "Well, I suppose then I must go without any ornament."

"My dear child, you do need one ornament very much, and it is a most precious one, but neither your father nor I can give it to you; but your heavenly Father is both able and ready to give it to you, if you but ask him for it as earnestly and pleadingly as you have asked me for one. It is 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'"

Anna felt reproved, and leaning her head upon her mother's neck, she wept, and then kissing her, said, "I know, my dear mother, that I do need *that* more than any thing else, and I will pray God to give it to me, and then I shall hope to be a better child."

We trust Anna did ask sincerely, and we know she would then receive; and we hope she will have strength given her to keep the jewel pure and undimmed for ever.

ELLA.



For The Child's Paper.

CHILDREN love pets, do they not? Esther has a grey kitty, Fanny a large black dog. He goes everywhere with her, and takes the best care of his little mistress. Mary has a white rabbit, and Susy a canary bird.

But what do you think of a pet hen? Should you like a little white hen to play with? This little girl has one. It will run when she calls it, and hop on her shoulders, and eat out of her hand; and what do you think? It will follow her into the house, and likes to sleep in her chamber—not in her bed; Oh no. It perches on the corner of the bureau, and pokes its head under its wing, just like all birdies, and goes fast asleep.

Little children are not only happier, but better, for having dumb creatures to play with, especially when they are taught to feed them and take care of them, and of course to treat them kindly, for in their plays we find no boisterous mirth or rude words, or ugly tempers; and their quiet, sober, friendly ways tame the children's spirits, and make them quiet and sober too.

For The Child's Paper.

THREE BLASTS OF THE HORN.

Betty Fletcher lived on a farm in Vermont. It was before the land was much cleared. Farmer Fletcher's farm was on the edge of the woods, and there was a little path through the forest to grandma Fletcher's. Instead of going a long

way round the road, the family often went and came by this path in the woods. There was not much danger of bears and catamounts, for the hunters had killed or driven them away. It was cool and shady in summer, and the squirrels and birds made it lively and pleasant.

One summer's morning little Betty Fletcher was sent to carry some skeins of yarn to her grandmother. She was to spend the day there, and see the new chickens. At night father was to go and fetch her home on horseback. She put on her cape-bonnet, kissed mother and baby brother in the cradle, and set off. Mother was making butter, and watched her darling Betty out of the dairy window until the little form was lost sight of in the woods.

"Father," said mother after milking, "now go for Betty." The afternoon sun was making long shadows on the road when Mr. Fletcher jumped upon Whiteface and rode away. Mother strained her milk, put the pans on the shelf, and sat down in the door to catch the first sound of Whiteface's hoofs bringing home her little daughter.

After a while she heard the old horse coming on the gallop. Looking up, she saw her husband, but no Betty. Before she had time to ask, "Betty is not there," said the farmer, riding up and looking very pale; "nor has grandmother seen her all day."

"Betty is lost," cried her mother; "my child is lost!" They ran to the woods and called. Nothing but echo answered. Father hurried over the path, shouting, "Betty, Betty!" but no Betty answered. It was now quite dark.

Mr. Fletcher went to the neighbors. "My Betty is lost in the woods," he cried; "come, help me find her." Men, women, children, and dogs all turned out. The women went to comfort the poor mother, who was in great distress. "My child is torn to pieces by wolves," she cried; "something dreadful has happened to her. My Betty is lost, my Betty is lost!" It was little the neighbors could do, but weep with her.

The men with torches and horns scoured the woods. One and another came back with no tidings of the lost child, then started again on a fresh scout. It was a long and gloomy night to the poor Fletchers and their kind neighbors. The sun streaked the eastern sky with morning light, and still no news of the lost little one. The sun arose.

It was just at sunrise that three short, quick blasts of a distant horn were heard. "Hark," cried the mother listening, "hark!"

"Found, found!" cried a neighbor, clasping her hands. "That's the signal of finding her which the men agreed on." "Found, found!" cried a man at the well. Can it be?

Yes, the lost one is found. A man on the search spied little footprints on some wet moss; following on, he found a skein of yarn. Here is a clue to her, he thought, carefully and eagerly looking round; and a little further on he caught sight of Betty, fast asleep on the soft brown leaves, beside an old tree which fell long ago. Her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Betty, Betty Fletcher," cried the man, catching her up in his strong arms. The poor child opened her eyes with a frightened and bewildered look. "Did God tell you?" asked Betty in a little weak voice as soon as she could speak.

"Tell me what, Betty, dear?" said the man, almost choked with joy. "You are all in a tremble." "I prayed God to take care of me, and tell my father where I was; I did not know. I could n't find my grandma's."

Then the man blew his horn, three short, loud, glad blasts, which told the good news far and near. Tongue cannot tell what gratitude filled the hearts of those who heard it. The women cried for joy. Men who were still in the search left off, and quickly turned their steps towards the Fletcher cottage.

Mrs. Fletcher, at the first blast of the horn, ran in the direction whence it came. And who can describe the mother's feelings when she clasped her darling child once more to her bosom? She could only sob and say, "Thank God, thank God!"

How came Betty to lose her way? the children

will want to know. She ran into the woods after a squirrel, and could not find the path again. Were they not a happy family that morning—father, mother, and all the neighbors? Never was there such rejoicing; never did they forget to praise God.

This will help us understand how happy our heavenly Father is when we are found. Found? Are *we* lost? The Bible says so. When we stray away from the right way, we are lost. Jesus searches for us. He came on purpose to seek and to save the lost. He came to find us and bring us back to our dear heavenly Father; and he cries, "Come, come unto me." With sorry and penitent hearts let us turn from our sins, and run into the arms of our Saviour. That makes joy in heaven. Yes, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth." You see then what makes the angels glad.



For The Child's Paper.

THE DEAF WORKHOUSE BOY.

Some years ago, among the mud of Plymouth docks, in England, with other ragged little fellows, was one Johnny Kitto. The boys were hunting for old iron to sell, and thus earn a penny. Johnny had a kind mother, but a poor, drunken father, who spent all his wages at the ale-house, which of course kept the family very poor—so poor, that when Johnny was four years old, he was sent to live with his grandmother. That would make one less mouth to feed. Grandmother loved the little boy dearly. She taught him to read until he could read to her the great family Bible; and rainy Sundays, when she could not go to church, he used to turn a chair into a pulpit, and read like the minister. It was not sport. Johnny seemed to feel that for the time he *was* a minister. He liked to hear stories; and there was a jolly old barber near who used to tell him funny ones. Sometimes he helped the barber, and with his earnings bought little books. Johnny and his grandmother often went into the fields and spent the day. Oh, it was so pleasant to eat dinner under the trees, with the birds singing overhead.

When he was ten years old these happy days ended. Grandmother was taken sick, and she and Johnny had to go to Johnny's home to live. The little boy went to work with his father; and what do you think? he fixed up the garret for a study. He made a shelf for his books, and had an old table and chair, and here he used to take all the time he could to read and write. That was the only chance he had. I do not find that he ever went to school.

He had been at home about a year, when a dreadful thing happened. His father was a mason. One day when he was carrying bricks to the top of a house where his father was at work, Johnny's foot slipped, and he fell thirty-five feet to the ground. The poor boy was taken up for dead, and carried home. For two weeks he took no notice of anybody. One morning he opened his eyes and asked for the book he was reading the day he fell. He tried to get up, but could not move. His mother went to his bedside and told him he must lie still. Johnny still kept asking, and cried, and thought it very cruel that nobody answered or spoke to him. The truth was, Johnny had lost his hearing; and from that time he never heard a

sound again. The fall had hurt his head and made him entirely deaf. The little boy got well of his bruises, but he could no longer be of much use to his father; and it was quite a question what a poor, deaf boy could do.

Grandmother died; there were other children to be taken care of, and Johnny was sent to the workhouse. Was not that hard? Well, not so hard as it seemed, for the overseer of the workhouse was a kind man, and felt for poor Johnny. He gave him easy work to do, and lent him books to read. Johnny was an obliging, well-behaved lad, and made friends of everybody. Still, he felt lonely among strangers; and in his loneliness he prayed God to be his friend. He remembered how much comfort his dear grandmother took in God; and would not God pity and love him? Oh yes, for God is love. And Johnny found it so. He became one of God's dear children; then he was happy, and more contented than he ever was. His was a hard lot; but God's love can make a hard lot happy.

Johnny kept a journal. You know what that is. A little book to write down every thing in. I find something in his journal which I think shows what kind of a boy he was. Some one gave him ten pennies on a Fair day. An English penny is two of our cents. So it was twenty cents of our money. This was the way he spent it: "Piece of mincepie, one cent; paper, six cents; books, six cents; one cent apiece to five little girls; gave to B. B. — one cent; one cent left." How could twenty cents be spent better? He did not eat them up, as some children at a fair would have done, or spend all for himself. Was it not generous to share a part with those five little girls and B. B. — who, I dare say, had nothing?

The overseer of the workhouse thought so much of Johnny that he interested others in him, and some gentlemen raised money to take him out and give him an education. He went into a missionary printing-office, and there, by his diligence and piety, earned himself an excellent name. When he grew up he became a writer, and wrote many valuable works. One is called Kitto's "Pictorial Bible;" another, a "Geography of the Holy Land." I need not of course stop to tell you all he wrote, only to say that, in consequence of what he had done for the cause of religion and literature, Queen Victoria gave him a pension of five hundred dollars a year. He married a good woman, and had a little family; but he never heard the voices of his dear children.

Dr. Kitto is now in heaven. He died a few years ago, and is where the deaf hear and the dumb speak, to praise God for his forgiveness and love.

K.

For The Child's Paper.

HOW LUCY WAS LIKE THE BLACK CAT.

Lucy came home from school pretty late. "What has kept you, Lucy?" asked Jasper; he was waiting for her. The children were going to Mrs. Goodwin's to get some roots for their garden.

"I will not go to Miss Grant's school any longer," cried Lucy, her face red with anger; "she's an ugly thing. She was so cross to me to-day, I thought she'd bite my head off. She kept me in at recess, and after school too." "It is too bad," cried Jasper, "too bad. I should like to duck her in the pond." "Nothing I should like better," said Lucy. "You must tell mother," said Jasper, "and have mother talk to her for treating you so. Mother could scare her into better manners." "No," said Lucy, "I sha'n't tell mother."

Then Jasper thought of the other side. "Didn't you do something, Lucy, that was n't right?" he asked. "Did Miss Grant treat you so for nothing at all?" Lucy blushed. "Now you going to turn against me, Jasper?" said Lucy, beginning to cry. "Oh no," said Jasper; "I only asked a question, that was all." Lucy kept crying. She sat down on the steps and looked pouty and angry.

Jasper had his basket in his hand; but since Lucy was not in good trim to go to Mrs. Goodwin's then, he went into the house. Presently he came back, and sitting down beside his sister. "Lucy," said he, "I've got something funny to read to

you. Should you like to hear it?" "I don't know," answered Lucy, wiping her eyes. "It is about a dog and cat," said Jasper. "I should like to hear about that," said Lucy. So Jasper read as follows:

"What's the matter?" asked Growler of the black cat, as she sat mumping on the step of the kitchen door one morning. "Matter enough," cried the cat; "the cook talks of hanging me. I wish somebody would hang her." "Why, what is the matter?" Growler asked again; "tell me." "She's beaten me and called me names, and threatens to be the death of me," said the black cat with a snarl. "Oh dear," cried Growler, "what made her?"

"What made her?" cried the black cat; "why, her temper, to be sure. All the servants complain of her. Not a drop of milk have I had to-day, and I'm half killed with her beating." "But was there no reason for her conduct?" asked Growler. "Ha'n't I told you 'twas her temper," said the black cat pettishly. "Every thing she breaks she lays to me."

"Of course Growler was indignant, and he felt like giving the cook a good barking. 'But,' he asked, 'was there no particular reason for her conduct towards you this morning?'"

"She was angry because I—I—I did something she didn't like," said the cat. "What, pray, could an honest cat like you do to displease her?" asked Growler. "Oh, just nothing at all," said the cat. "I did n't think, that was all." But as Growler kept looking at her right in the eye, she had to explain. "Why, the fact was," continued she, "as I was springing at a mouse, I knocked down a dish which had something that smelt good in it, and I tasted it, and—" "And you ate it all up," said Growler.

"Not all," said the black cat, "for the cook came in, and so I left the head." "The head of what?" asked Growler. "The head of a fine fresh fish which was bought for dinner," said the black cat. "Well," said the candid Growler, "now I've heard both sides, I do n't wonder she beat you, and only wonder she didn't hang you."

Jasper stopped. Lucy had been an attentive listener; she always liked to hear about animals; and as he read on, good-humor got the better of ill-humor. Lucy was not, I am glad to say, a sulky child.

"Oh, Jasper," she cried laughing, "you read that on purpose. Well, I believe I was a black cat in school this morning. I did not steal, to be sure; but I felt full of mischief, and I dare say Miss Grant had reason to be angry with me."

"I thought there might be two sides," said Jasper, "people don't generally punish unless there has been something wrong done." "No, I suppose not," said Lucy in a little, sorry voice; "perhaps it would be better to take back what I said about my teacher." "And remember not to be a black cat again," said Jasper. "Yes," answered Lucy, "if I can remember, Jasper."

Jasper then took his basket, and hand in hand they went to visit Mrs. Goodwin's fine garden.

For The Child's Paper.

SPEAK KINDLY.

"Please buy my penny songs," cried a little feeble voice in one of the streets of our great city. The day was bitter cold, and little Katie had left her cheerless home to earn, if possible, a few pennies. Poor Katie, her little voice was feeble because her heart was very sad, and she wondered if anybody would hear and buy her songs. Many passed her by unnoticed; some noticed her only enough to say, "What a trouble these street-beggars are;" so Katie felt almost discouraged, but saying over to herself the little verse she had learned at Sunday-school,

"Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way,"

forgot the unfeeling remarks, and wandered on. Soon she found herself in a music-store, standing by the side of a beautiful lady, who was sitting there selecting music. She again uttered her little

cry, "Please buy a song;" but the lady not hearing what she said, turned towards her, and with the kindest, sweetest smile said, "What is it, darling?" at the same time putting a piece of money in her hand. Little Katie, not stopping to think what she did, laid her head in the lady's lap, and cried as though her heart would break. The lady tried to soothe her, and soon Katie said, "Oh, lady, I cried for joy, not because you gave me money, but because you said kind, loving words to me, for it is seldom I hear a kind word."

Remember this story, dear children, and never let your lips say unkind words. Let your lips learn while they are young to speak kind words, and let them drop everywhere. God will send them to cheer some heart.

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh word be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word." K. T.



For The Child's Paper.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Jane is eleven years old. She goes to Sabbath-school, and loves to go. "Then she does not miss her lessons, I know." She does not, when her mother sees to them. I will tell you what her mother has to say all the week. "Jane, have you begun your Sabbath-school lesson?" "Jane, have you learned your hymn?" "Jane, now is a good time to look over your Bible verses." "Jane, remember your Sabbath-school lesson." "Jane, don't put it off." I cannot count the times her mother says all this over and over again. Of course Jane has no chance to put off, or neglect, or forget; and therefore by Saturday night her lesson is usually learned.

Once in a while her mother does not say any thing, hoping her little daughter will think and act for herself. I am sure she is old enough to; I am sure she knows enough to. Then, when Saturday night comes, and father hears the lesson, she leaves out words and mispronounces, and stammers and stops and blunders, and "don't know" and "can't think," and may-be ends with pouting and tears, which is a poor ending for Saturday night, because the week has gone and there is no time left for much more study—no time left for quiet, thoughtful study, as God's precious word should be studied.

In contrast with this, I must tell you about Charley May. After tea, Sabbath evening, Charley says, "I must look over my next Sabbath-school lesson, and see what it is about." So he takes his books and gets the first idea of it. Monday he begins in good earnest; Tuesday he learns a little, and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday. You will find him in some spare moment with his Bible in his hand, of his own accord studying the lesson, trying to understand its meaning, and putting it so carefully in his mind that it will not easily be lost or forgotten. Charley is never told. He never has to be told; and his lessons are always perfect. His teacher is always sure of Charley. You see the true principle of action must not be a "have to" or a "told to," but a "mind to;" that is, a purpose and a desire within your own heart. That will make you persevering and steadfast.

Are you a Sabbath-school scholar? Which do you think is the better way of studying your lessons, Jane's or Charley's way? Which is yours?



For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE WILLIE.

"Dear mamma," low whispered Willie,
Rising from his trundle-bed,
Softly creeping after mother,
With a timid, noiseless tread,
"Do not leave your little Willie,
'Tis so very dark," he said.

"Dark! and what of that, my darling?
God is near you just the same.
When you feel afraid, dear Willie,
Call upon the Saviour's name;
He will light your little chamber
With a soothing, heavenly flame.

"It will drive away the shadows
In my little Willie's heart;
It will bid all gloomy feelings
From his timid soul depart;
Then the brightness of his Spirit
To the room will light impart.

"Jesus will protect you, darling,
So you need not be afraid;
He is ever near my Willie,
Both in sunlight and in shade.
Trust him, dearest; sweetly slumber
Till the stars at daybreak fade."

Then upon his downy pillow
Willie laid his curly head,
All his fears of darkness vanished;
"I will trust the Lord," he said.
"Surely I can fear no danger
While he watches o'er my bed." Dewdrop.

For The Child's Paper.

BAD NEWS.

The chief of the police in Boston says it is a melancholy fact, that there is a great increase of crime among the young of that city and neighborhood. In the evening, and late at night, girls from twelve to sixteen years of age may be seen upon all our public streets, behaving in the most loose and indecent manner; and boys of a like age are in the streets at all hours of the night, entirely neglected by those who should have the care of them.

This is bad news indeed. Many of these children, I am afraid, have no true homes, or no happy homes; and I want to say two things. First, children who have good homes must constantly thank God for this great blessing; and secondly, both parents and children must each and all strive to make home the best and happiest spot in the world to them—a spot where, above all places, they love to be; and for this end, each must be cheerful and contented, and helpful and kind and willing. Parents must play with their little ones, and the children be allowed to have their little games and enjoyments without any other fear from those around them than the fear of being naughty. I am very sure no street pleasures can equal the happiness of a happy home.

BLUE SKY INSIDE.

"I think the rain is very provoking," said Bessie Jones, looking out the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It is very provoking. It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

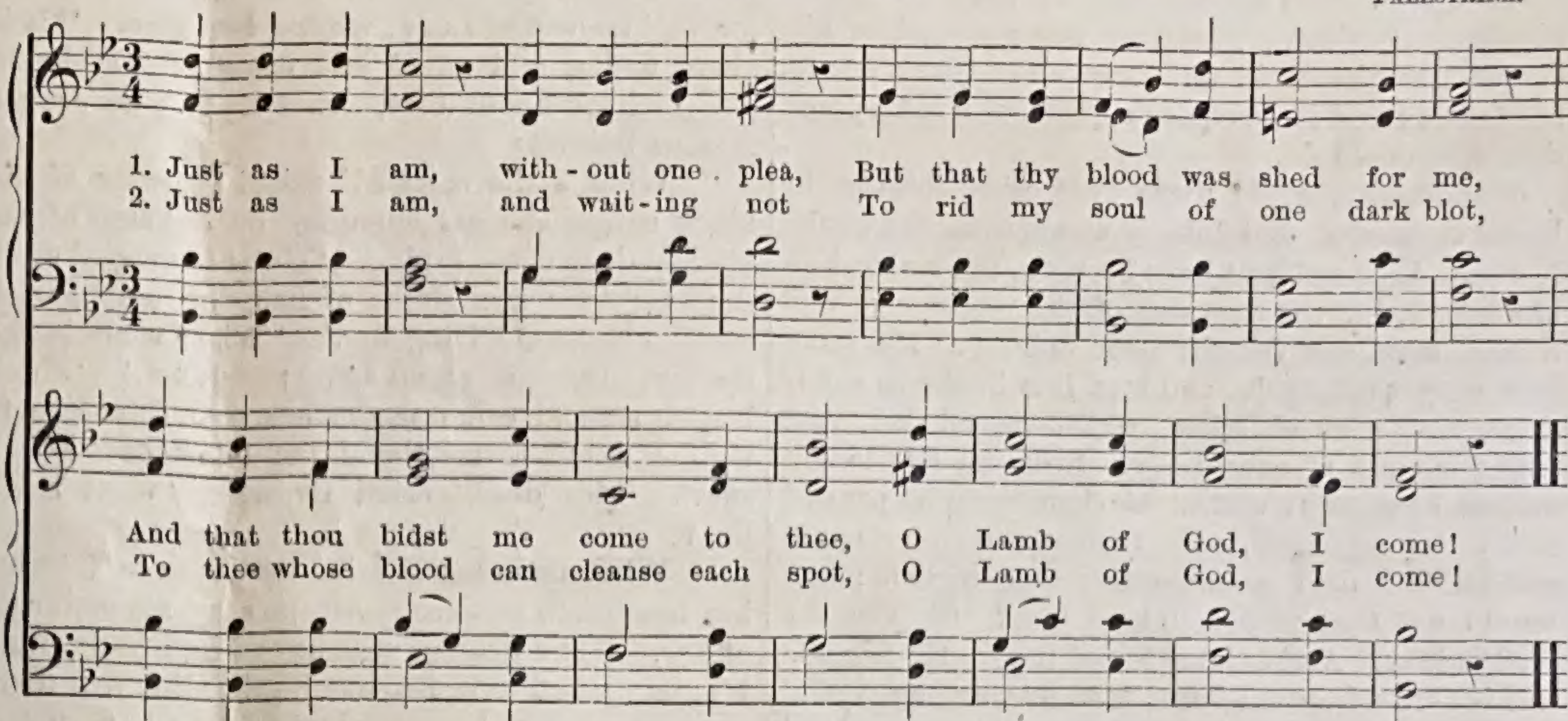
"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

Yes, it is so. Blue sky inside, that is, a sweet, serene temper, takes all the little disappointments of life without fretting.

JUST AS I AM.

PALESTRINA.



3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. Elcott.



For The Child's Paper.

JOHNNY IN THE FIRE.

A minister once waked up in the night and found his house on fire. How frightened he was. He had eight children, and he was afraid lest some of them would get burned up. He ran into the nursery, and told the nurse to bring the children into the garden. She caught the baby and one other in her arms, and told the rest to follow. She went down stairs as fast as she could, and got safely out of the house with the little ones. When the father came, he found his dear wife and all their children in the garden. All did I say? No; he counted them, and there were only seven. Johnny was missing. Where was Johnny?

At that moment a scream was heard from the nursery. It was Johnny's. The poor father ran into the burning house and tried to go up stairs, but the flames would not let him. What could he do? "Johnny, Johnny!" he cried in agony. Then he fell on his knees in the entry, and prayed God to have mercy on his darling child. God was watching over the little boy. Nurse forgot him in the hurry, and left him fast asleep in bed. The noise and light at last woke him. Was it morning? He called nurse. Nobody answered, nobody came. The dreadful flames broke into his chamber. Poor Johnny, how frightened he was. He tried to go out into the entry, but it was on fire. He climbed up and looked out the window.

"Johnny, Johnny!" The men in the street saw him. One man ran to fetch a ladder; but there was not a moment to spare; the floor might give way in an instant, and Johnny be burned to death. What could be done?

"I will stand against the wall," cried a strong man, "and you," he said to another man, "jump up on my shoulders and pull the child out of the window." They did so. The brave boy waited till the men got him out; and no sooner was he safe in the man's arms, than the roof fell in. Thank God, Johnny is safe! The man took him to a

neighbor's house where his parents were. A little while before they were full of fears. What joy they felt as they clasped their dear little boy in their arms. The happy father thanked the kind men; but much more, he thanked God. "Let us kneel down," he said to the friends round him—"let us kneel down and thank God, for though my house is gone, he has left me my eight children."

Johnny, though a very little boy, never forgot God's goodness and care. He loved God, and tried to serve him faithfully all the days of his life.

For The Child's Paper.

WAY TO HEAVEN.

"Mother," said Emma, "don't all good children go to heaven?" "Yes," answered mother.

"Not because they are good," said Lucy, "for Jesus says, 'I am the door: by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.'"

Lucy is right. We can only get into heaven as Jesus Christ opens the door to us. He died for us, that our sins might be forgiven, and we be made pure and holy. That is the way to heaven.

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